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Truly your friend
Anna Perkins Wood

Vesper Voices

Miscellaneous Poems

:: BY ::

ANNA PERKINS FORD

ASBURY PARK, N. J.
M., W. & C. PENNYPACKER
1899

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INTRODUCTORY.

Years ago the little book, "Daisy's Offering" was sent out in the interest of Missions.

"Vesper Voices," in miscellaneous poems, is offered in the same spirit. Sincere has been the desire in later years to express sympathy and encouragement for those who are in the struggle of life, and are now "bearing the burden and heat of the day;" also to cheer and comfort many a sorrowing heart, and awaken and increase in children all that is good and beautiful.

A. P. F.

Binghamton, N. Y.

A writer has said : *Men cannot print tones, glances, sighs and tears ; the heart always suffers by being translated into speech.*

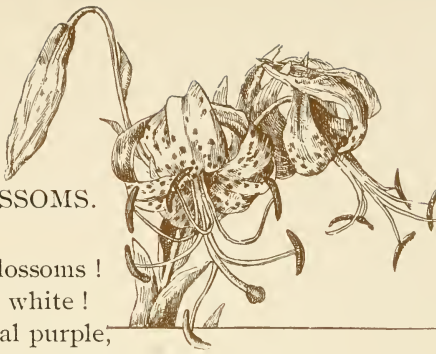
"What tho' the hard heart gives thorns for thy roses,
What tho' on rock thy tired bosom reposes,
Sweetest is music with minor keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling."

CONTENTS.

EASTER BLOSSOMS,	5
SPRINGTIME,	6
PAREPA,	7
AN EASTER SONG,	8
A CHILD'S QUESTIONS,	9
RABBONI,	11
LUNA,	12
THE SEA,	13
JANUARY FIRST,	14
CONTEMPLATION,	15
A REAL MOTHER,	16
SAVED BY A CHEER,	18
SOLDIERS' RETURN,	20
WHO ARE SLEEPING?	21
AFTER THE BATTLE,	23
AN ANGEL VISITANT,	25
PAPA'S BABY,	26
MOTHERLESS,	29
"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM,"	31
DAISY'S OFFERING,	32

CHILDHOOD, - - - - - - - 35
TWILIGHT MUSINGS, - - - - - 36
GOLDEN WEDDING, - - - - - 38
MUSINGS, - - - - - - - - 39
MEMORIES, - - - - - - - 40
WHITE LILIES, - - - - - - - 42
TO A BRIDE, - - - - - - 47
HOME GREETING, - - - - - - 48
THE LITTLE SCARLET DRESS, - - 49
SEA SHORE ANNIVERSARY, - - - 55
THE MINER'S BOY, - - - - - 56
CHILD'S PRAYER, - - - - - 59
I LOVE TO LIVE AND I LIVE TO LOVE, 60
PATRIOTISM AND TEMPERANCE, - - 61
REPOSE, - - - - - - - - 64
IN MEMORIAM, - - - - - - 60
GARFIELD, - - - - - - - 66
DICKIE, - - - - - - - 75
"POOR POLLY," - - - - - 76
BABY WAYS IN BABY DAYS, - - 79
GOOD BYE, - - - - - - - 81
HOME AGAIN, - - - - - - 82
A PRAYER, - - - - - - - 83
PSALM XLII, - - - - - - 84
BURIAL AT TWILIGHT, - - - - 85

COMMUNION, - - - - - - 86
IMITATION OF CHRIST, - - - - - 88
I'M GOING HOME, - - - - - 89
A COLONIAL PORTRAIT, - - - - - 90
A BRIDAL GIFT, - - - - - - 92
LOST CHILD, - - - - - - - 93
THE HARBOR LIGHT, - - - - - 94
DAWN AT SEA, - - - - - - 95
MUSIC, - - - - - - - 96
ANNIVERSARY HYMN, - - - - - 97
SALVATION FREE TO ALL, - - - - 98
A MEMORIAL TO GARFIELD, - - - 99
CALL THE SABBATH A DELIGHT, - 100
GOING HOME, - - - - - 101
SCARCELY ROOM FOR ONE BIRD MORE, 102
FOR CHILDREN, - - - - - 104
A VALENTINE, - - - - - 105
AT REST, - - - - - - 106
HOME, - - - - - - - 107
CHRISTMAS GREETING, - - - - 108
"ABLE TO SAVE," - - - - 110



EASTER BLOSSOMS.

BEAUTIFUL Easter blossoms!
Delicate, pure and white!
Tinged with the regal purple,
'Mid the leafy-green so bright.

Where have ye lain secluded?
Whence come ye out of your bed,
Your waxen leaves unfolding
Through the calyx, green and red?

Your delicate petals, trembling
Within their silvery sheen;
Your stamens tipped with gold dust
From a fairy wand, I ween!

Ye herald the summer-coming,
And waken the early spring,
With balmy breath and promise
Of the budding life, within.

Oh, miracle of nature!
Of life and love supreme,
Welcome the Easter dawning;
All hail, the glorious theme!

SPRINGTIME.

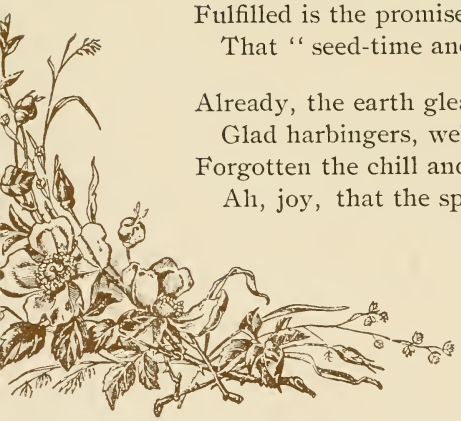
OH ! SHALL we not welcome the sunshine !
And the soft, balmy breath of the spring,
With delicate tints of the foliage,
And promise of what it will bring.

How sweet to hear the birds carol !
And list to the insects' soft hum,
We have waited so long for the springtime,
Be patient—it surely will come !

With its buds and its opening blossoms,
With fragrance exhaled on the breeze ;
And the shimmering light, gaily dancing,
Athwart the green hill side and trees.

With fields clad in verdure and beauty,
While flowers, their perfume exhale,
Fulfilled is the promise once given,
That " seed-time and harvest ne'er fail."

Already, the earth gleams with beauty ;
Glad harbingers, welcome, appear,
Forgotten the chill and the darkness ;
Ah, joy, that the springtime is here !



PAREPA.

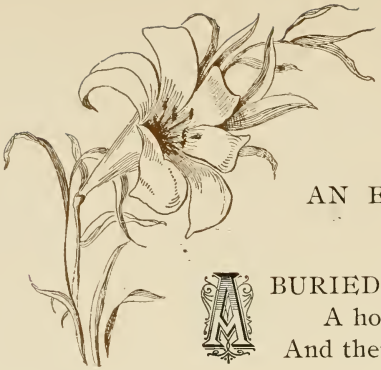
I HEARD a voice, so low and sweet,
Again, so high and clear,
Its trilling notes were like a bird,
Resounding far and near.

So flute-like were its tender tones,
That rich and low refrain
Absorbed me quite. It thrilled my soul,
And oft it wakes again.

Responsive tones of melody,
So musical, so sweet,
They seem to echo from afar,
And thus my spirit greet.

Those chords awaken memories,
Vibrating through my soul;
I seem to hear the ransomed song
Through Heaven's high arches roll.

And, in that wondrous orchestra
Of harmony and song,
I hope to hear that angel voice
Amid the heavenly throng.



AN EASTER SONG.

A BURIED Christ !
A hopeless world !
And then,—oh joy and wonder !
O'er death and grave,
With power to save,
He burst the bars assunder.

A risen Christ !
Rejoicing world,
A Saviour, sees, ascending—
With earth and skies,
A glad surprise,
In joyful chorus blending.

Sing and rejoice,
With grateful voice,
Through Heaven's high arches, ringing,
With fragrant flowers,
These golden hours,
A happy Easter bringing.

A CHILD'S QUESTIONS.

O ! TELL me who made this world so fair,
Lisped a child on his mother's knee ;
And who placed the stars away up there,
So far, I can hardly see ?

What makes the sun so gloriously shine,
And the moon so clear and so pale ?
Who made the birds and these flowers of mine ?
Who made the snow and the hail ?

What makes the wind blow so loud and strong,
And the glittering rain drops we see
On the blue bell sweet springing up at morn,
Then say, mother, who made me ?''

Then glistened a tear in that mother's eye,
And a sigh escaped her lip,
As she thought of treasures of mind that lie
In an infant's breast, so deep.

She prayed, as only a mother can pray,
For a darling whom God had given,
And a tear drop fell, O ! who shall say,
That it was not heard in Heaven.

She answered, in accents gentle and mild :
"A God ever faithful and true,
Created this beautiful world, my child,
'Twas He who made both of us, too.

A sparrow, tho' ever so small, cannot fall,
Unobserved by His watchful eye ;
He noteth the thoughts and actions of all,
And ruleth our destiny.

He loves little children, and e'en blesses them,
If obedient to that which He wills ;
O love Him, and serve Him forever, and then
He'll shield thee through all of life's ills."

RABBONI.

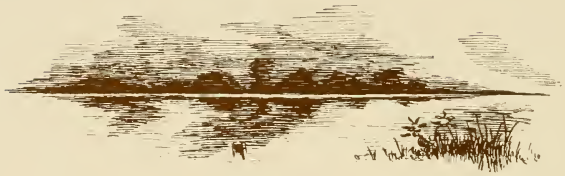
MAY I come, dear Lord, to Thee?
Every grace in Thee I see,
Sitting humbly at Thy feet,
Mary like—divine retreat.

Wilt Thou deign to look on me,
Blessed One?—my only plea
In my weakness, sin and guilt,
That for me Thy blood was spilt.

Master, Lord, it is *Thy* voice
Bids my waiting heart rejoice,
Speaks my soul in love to Thee,
Sets my burdened spirit free.

Free from sin, from want, from care,
All my burdens Thou dost bear,
Every need in Thee supplied,
Thou, my leader, guardian, guide.

Thou wilt keep me to the end,
Never-failing, faithful friend,
Earth can no such joys afford
As are found in Christ, my Lord.



LUNA.

GOOD night, lovely moon, good night!
I'm watching your pale and beautiful light,
Away up above me so high,
I'm thinking, that while you are shining on me,
Your silvery light illumines the sea,
And gleams o'er the earth and the sky.
You cannot be lonely, O beautiful moon!
The stars are coming out one by one,
And they are no strangers to you.
Come to us then with your soft gleaming light,
Cheering and making us happy to-night,
Shine on through the heavenly blue.

THE SEA.

I STAND on the shore while I gaze on the sea,
My spirit entranced with its deep mystery;
My heart is oppressed, by its terrors and woes,
As I think of life's scenes, that suddenly close,
On the sea—the treacherous sea.

Of vessels that sail in their glory and pride,
So suddenly wrecked—drifting up on the tide
The cold lifeless form of the mariner brave,
Who feared not the storm, with its wild crashing wave,
On the dark and fathomless sea.

While wand'rers on ships and in palaces float,
"Deep toilers" are plying their fisherman's boat,
O'er the dangerous sea, they delight to roam.
The green earth forsaking, no longer their home,
There is naught to them like the sea.

I dream of the sea—the smooth, placid sea,
Quite calm and subdued it seemeth to be,
While 'tis tossing its spray of lace work and foam,
Reflecting the blue, from Heaven's arched dome,
In the sea, the beautiful sea.

How grand is the sea, in its deep majesty,
And yet, in its calmness, how peaceful and free.
From shipwrecks and dangers, far out on the wave,
God shelter the lives of our mariners brave,
In a perilous life at Sea.

JANUARY FIRST.

I KNOW not what awaits me,
In this, the young new year;
In mystery enshrouded,
It doth not yet appear,
Whether of joy or sorrow,
Of sickness or of woe,
Nor yet of disappointment,
I may be called to go.

Temptation may o'ertake me,
And trial, sharp and sore;
Weakness, 'gainst which I've struggled,
O'ercome me, more and more.
Yet He, divine inspirer
Of all that's pure and good,
Sustains His wayward children
Through Holy Fatherhood.

CONTEMPLATION.

I HEAR of a city with wonder,
Whose streets are paved with pure gold !
My spirit's bars, bursting asunder,
Would fly, to its beauties behold.

When there, I have seen my Redeemer,
Condescending to look upon me ;
Forgetting all else, in sweet rapture
My Lord and my Saviour I see.

Content, never more to be parted
From those who have gone on before—
Escaped, from sorrow and anguish,
By sin, to be soiled never more.

Allurements, no longer entrance me,
So blessed a hope, as is mine.
The past is forgiven—forgotten—
I trust, in my Saviour divine.

For mine eyes shall see the King,
"The King in His beauty," see,
If the thought such rapture can bring,
What will reality be !

A REAL MOTHER.

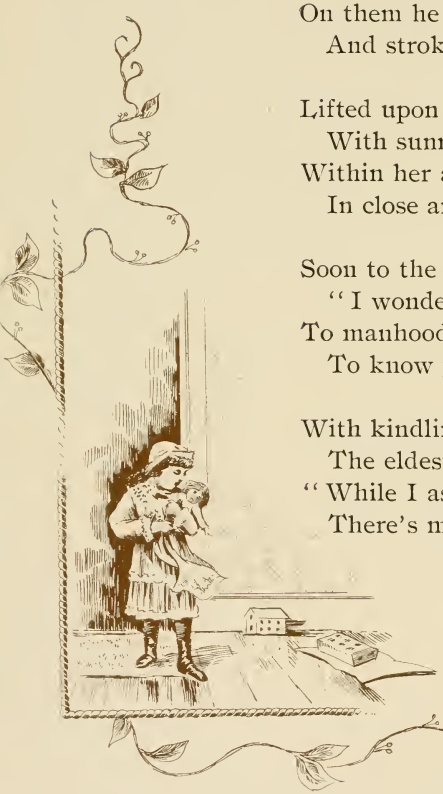
NOT long ago, a clergyman,
Distinguished in his line,
Called on a lady friend, who rose
To welcome the divine.

"And these, my children are," said she,
"Two boys, one little girl;"
On them he smiled caressingly,
And stroked the sunny curl.

Lifted upon his knee, the girl,
With sunny, dimpled face;
Within her arms she held a doll,
In close and fond embrace.

Soon to the boys he smiling said:
"I wonder what you'll be?
To manhood you will come and have
To know your destiny."

With kindling eye and conscious strength,
The eldest boy replied,
"While I aspire not to be great,
There's much to be desired.



I'd like to be an architect,
For this my skill arouses,
And I would show them how to plan
And build Queen Anne houses."

The boy with fragile form and brow,
With intellect expanding,
With dreamy eye and flushing cheek,
Arose, before them standing ;

"A poet, I would like to be,
To tell in song and story,
Of all that's wonderful and grand,
In heroes led to glory."

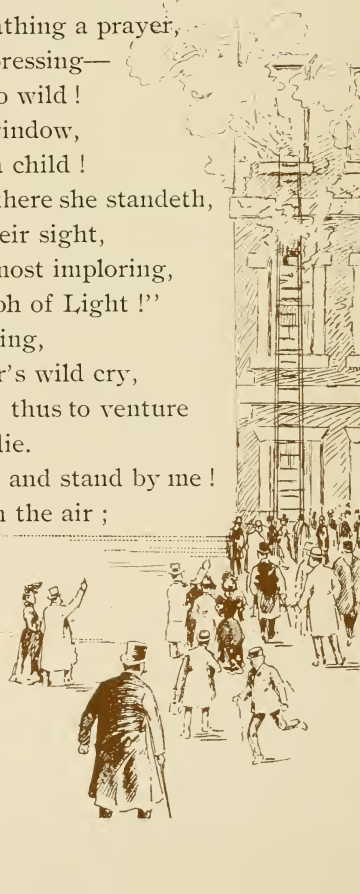
" My little maiden, with your doll,
And what will be your pleasure ?
In you, I see affection rules
In full, abundant measure."

" Sometimes I think of what I'd like,
First one thing, then another,
But this, I *know*, I'd like to be,
A *happy*, *real mother !*"

And so, the little maiden, true
To instincts God has given,
Expressed, in child-like innocence,
The love that's born of Heaven.

SAVED BY A CHEER.

A TUMULT and shouting of voices !
A rush and hurry of feet !
Brave men, amid the flame billows,
Contending with fire and with sleet !
Escaped for their lives are the inmates
Who dwelt in security there.
With smoke blinded eyes, half distracted,
And white lips still breathing a prayer,
Confusion and danger oppressing—
Forgotten mid tumult so wild !
Appearing high up at a window,
Behold the fair face of a child !
With flame lighted form, there she standeth,
Far up almost out of their sight,
With out-stretched arms most imploring,
She looks like a "Seraph of Light !"
So helpless, alas ! unavailing,
And what, but a mother's wild cry,
Could nerve a stout heart, thus to venture
In effort to save, or to die.
"My boys ! now be brave and stand by me !
The ladder, hold firm in the air ;



And mothers, while gazing upon it,
Might hurriedly breathe me a prayer.''
So saying, he mounts bravely upward,
And still rises higher and higher,
Then turns for a moment and falters,
Driven back by the fierce, raging fire.
The child sees his rapid approaches,
The smoke hides them now from the view—
Must both then be lost? Is there nothing?
There's nothing that mortals can do.
A thought, Heaven-born, now is given;
It came as an answer to prayer.
Above the wild roar of the fire fiend,
Loud voices are rending the air.
A cheer, loud and long, rends the heavens,
And when, amid tumult so wild,
Pressing on, with fresh courage, he rescues
The form of the perishing child.
And a flame lit vision of beauty
Was clasped to a mother's glad breast,
While a hero, half fainting, exhausted,
Was laid on the cold earth to rest.
And the stars settled down in their calmness,
While earth struggled on in her pain,
A brave, noble deed of true manhood
Is recorded in Heaven again.

SOLDIERS' RETURN.

RING the bells and welcome home
Soldiers true and brave,
Fire the cannon, beat the drum,
Flags and banners wave.

Cheer on cheer, with loud acclaim,
Songs of welcome sing;
Deeds of valor great proclaim,
Make the welkin ring.

Say how brave they were, to go
At their country's call!
All exposed to danger, though
Nothing could appall.

Tell of risks and venture great,
Weakness too—unfold,
Hardships suffered, and the half
Never can be told.

Glorious deeds and battle scars,
Herald great renown,
And in other sacrifice
Victory has been won.

Great and noble heroes they,
Who for honor lay,
On their country's altar all
That's dearest, to obey.

Call for men and home defense,
Quick response we see,
America—Our native land,
The home of liberty.

WHO ARE SLEEPING?

THEY are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
In the "Silent City" laid;
Undisturbed, while storms are sweeping,
Seasons changing, o'er their bed.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
While adown the ages come
Generations, alike seeking,
In the grave, their final home.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
Tender babes, who knew no sin;
Naught of sorrow, naught of weeping,
Jesus called them unto Him.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
Those in childhood's morning bright,
Torn from parents' tender keeping,
Passed forever from their sight.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
Maiden fair, and blooming bride;
Crushed the hopes, and wild the weeping,
As they laid them side by side.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
Went *they* out, "to do or die;"
Brave their toil, and sad their weeping,
For their country's anarchy.

They are sleeping,—who are sleeping?
Men of Faith, and lives sublime:
Sowing here, and only reaping
Harvest, in the future time.

They are sleeping,—all are sleeping:
Pastor, people, neighbor, friend;
Congregations here assembling,
Sabbath rest—without an end.

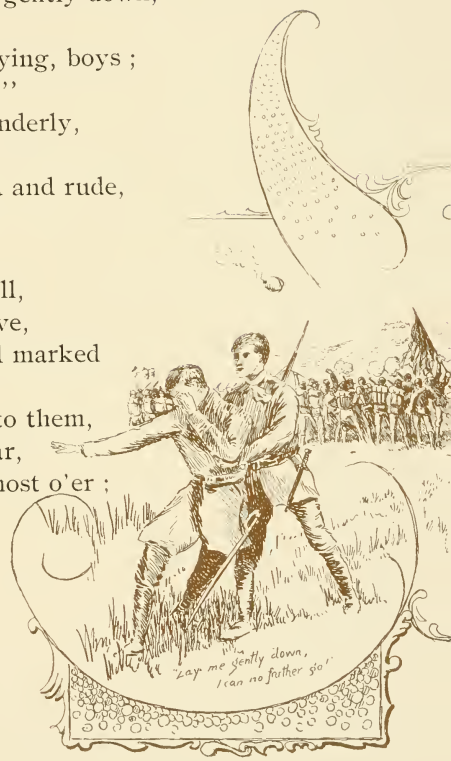
They are sleeping,—only sleeping,
In their long unbroken rest;
He that "slumbers not," still keeping
Watchful vigils, o'er the blest.

They shall waken,—one day waken,
From the sleep of death set free;
In their Saviour's likeness shapen,
Satisfied, they then shall be.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"HALT! comrades. Lay me gently down,
I can no farther go.
My work is done—I'm dying, boys;
'Tis yours 'to dare and do.'"
And so they placed him tenderly,
A blanket for his bed;
A soldier's knapsack, hard and rude,
Pillowed his bruised head.

In fighting for the flag he fell,
This soldier, true and brave,
The fatal scorching shell had marked
Its victim for the grave.
With parched lips he spake to them,
No cooling stream was near,
"Care not for me. 'Tis almost o'er;
Comrades, I do not fear."



"Stay, boys! Just one thing—only one,
Within my knapsack find
The book—the Testament, so dear,
The comfort to my mind.
It tells of blessed rest and peace;
Sweet peace!" he murmured low,
"It fills my heart; it floods my soul;
'Tis like a river's flow."

"Have you no message for your friends?"
"I have no friend but One.
I've trusted Him for many years,
For me He soon will come.
I've lived to see the struggle through,
To gain the victory
For God and right and native land,
I am content to die.

Now read to me those blessed words;
The verse begins with 'peace'—
Thank you! that's all—that peace is mine"—
A soul has found release.
And at the Heavenly reveille,
The watchword, "Peace," was given;
'Mid songs and shouts of victory,
A soldier entered Heaven.

AN ANGEL VISITANT.

AN old woman sat in a cottage door ;
Her eyes looked weary and dim ;
"To-night this work must be finished,"
said she,
"Finished both neatly and trim.
My sight is failing, and then ! ah me !
This, my dependence, will fail ;
And only my knitting will bring to me
Small pay from the regular sale.
I've managed to live so far, 'tis true,
But expenses surely will come ;
The food, the fire, and the clothing,
Are needed to make up a home."

Trying again, her needle to thread,
Brave heart, we soon shall see
Fulfillment of promise to those who do
Their best in emergency.

A child is gazing across the street,
An angel, in disguise ;
A messenger sent to cheer and fill
A fainting heart with surprise.

"I'll help you, grandma," she sweetly said,
"I'll thread your needle to-day ;
To-morrow, get ready all you can find,
I'll come from my school this way.

And anything else I can do for you,
I know you will let me try,
And sweetly we'll talk and sing of Him,
Who 'loved Himself to deny.'
Sometime He'll say, with His own glad voice,
When His dear face we shall see,
' As much as ye've done for my own beloved,
So much ye have done unto me.' "

PAPA'S BABY.

I'M tired of play,
I want so, to-day,
My dear, darling papa to see ;
I feel all alone,
Why does he not come
To comfort dear mamma and me ?"

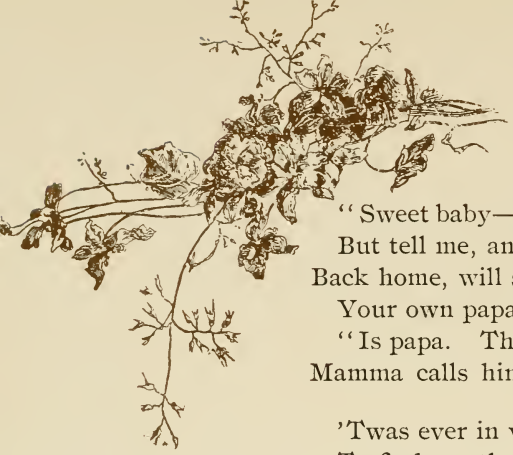
"'Twas always so sweet,
To come out and meet

My papa, with kiss at the door ;
The door bell would ring,
And then, how I'd spring
To see my dear papa once more."

"Perhaps I shall meet,
Way down on the street,
My own dear papa again."
Then, threading the ways
Of a busy street's maze,
Bewildered and lost she became.

"Dear papa—do come !
And take me back home.
Right here is your baby : do come ! "
As sobbing she cried,
A kind lady spied
The little one, grieving alone.

"Whose baby are you,
What trying to do,
And why are you straying from home?"
Then taking her hand
In hers—"We will stand
And think what is best to be done."



"Sweet baby—don't cry,
But tell me, and I
Back home, will safe lead you to-day.
Your own papa's name?"
"Is papa. The same,
Mamma calls him," she said alway.

'Twas ever in vain,
To find out the name,
What then, are we going to do!
When down through the street,
With swift, eager feet,
Anxious hearts and hurried steps flew.

A friend of the child,
Looking troubled and wild,
Sprang forward, exclaiming, "And this
Is our own dear baby."
"I thought—perhaps—maybe,
I'd find my own papa to kiss."

Dear baby-heart grieving
For the lost and the loving,
Some time—within regions of bliss,
We trust thou wilt meet,
And thy happy heart greet
Thy papa, once more with a kiss.

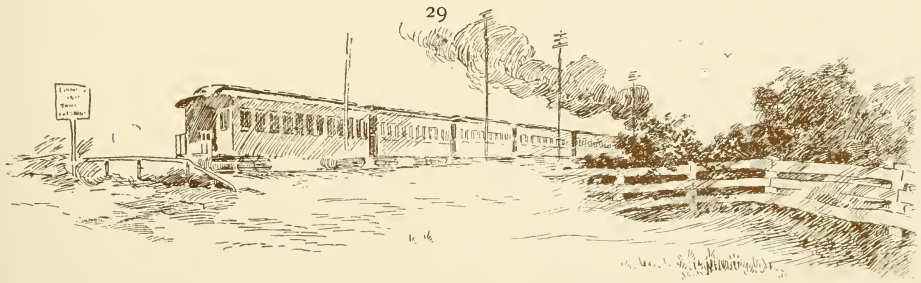
MOTHERLESS.

ONLY an infant's feeble wail,
And none had heart to tell the tale ;
'Mid stifled sobs we heard a groan,
Mingled with many a plaintive moan,
While the swift train sped on.

And those there were, who heard that cry ;
That touching wail of infancy ;
Who saw a father's hand caress
The babe, with woman's tenderness,
While the rough train sped on.

Ah, little heeds the careless crowd,
The child annoys—it cries so loud
They wish the baby far away,
Where is its heartless mother, pray ?
Rushes the swift train on.

The father soothed the babe to rest,
Reposing on his manly breast,
And then he struggles with his grief,
And vainly seeks to find relief,
While the swift train moves on.



"I pray you bear with me," he said,
"My hopes and happiness are fled;
I trust that you may never know
Such sorrow as my tale of woe"—
Meanwhile the train moves on.

"No mother's hand you see caress—
My little child is motherless;
Upon this train her form is hid
Beneath the icy coffin lid,"
While the rough train speeds on.

Then a deep hush falls on the crowd,
And sobs are heard and heads are bowed,
And hearts are stirred by human grief,
And hands are quick to bring relief,
While the swift train moves on.

And so it is, if we would share
Life's burdens, let us have a care,
Lest we offend and hurt, where we
Should give our warmest sympathy,
As life speeds on.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BABY sleeping—troubled sleep.
We our hopeless vigils keep,
Hush the step and close the blind,
Stay the anguish of the mind
While we watch her, day by day
Fading from our sight away.

Gone forever, from our care!
Can our wounded spirits bear
This our darling to behold
Lying here, like marble cold,
While so full of life before;
Can we claim her nevermore?

Must we lay her out of sight?
Has her spirit winged its flight
Up to where the angels are?
Will they give her tender care,
Will she hear and know her name,
Will they call her just the same?

Stricken ones! could ye but peer
Through the veil, ye would not fear,
But would trust the tender care
Of thy Saviour, waiting there,
While to Him, in this thy need,
Thine own little child shall lead.

DAISY'S OFFERING.

DID you make it for me dear Grandma,
And is it for really mine,
With lace on the hem for a border
And stitches so small and so fine?

With truly, my name on the corner,
And out of my pocket they'll see
While folded up, ever so nicely,
You made it on purpose for me.

How sweet is the perfume, dear Grandma,
So clean, so white and so small
Is my 'kerchief. If often you see it,
I think you'll not wonder at all.

I'd rather have *this* for my birthday,
Than all you could give me, instead."
Then Grandmama smiled very fondly,
Caressingly stroked the fair head:

"I'm glad you are pleased, my darling,
And I hope from this day, you will try,
To make others happy—so doing,
You will learn yourself to deny."

One day—to the church—on the Sabbath,
While eager to hear the bell call,
With Grandmama walking beside her,
Came Daisy—with 'kerchief and all.

And then, with her conscious possession,
Once seated, 'twas plain to be seen
The need of a 'kerchief was greater,
Far greater, than ever had been.

'Twas smoothed, it was patted and folded,
Then, so that the children could see
'Twas held up, till Grandmama smiled,
In effort composèd to be.

The Minister rose in the Pulpit,
And, when to the children, he said:
"We have *talked* so much of Heathen,
Now let us try *giving*, instead.

God loveth the gifts of the children,
Whenever they're cheerful and free;
What child has an offering to give Him?"
Said Daisy, "*He's looking at me.*"

'Twas then, by the truths that were uttered,
The little one's conscience was stirred,
"The Heathen, he tells us have nothing—
Of my 'kerchief, I think he has heard."

"I love,— Oh I *do* love the Heathen;
But then they don't need such nice things,
The big people give lots of money,
And everything nice, money brings."

With quivering lip see our darling!
No sacrifice greater than this.
She laid on the plate as 'twas passing,
Her offering;—sealed with a kiss.

The struggle was over and Daisy
Was smiling. With tears on her face
She said: "Grandma don't cry for the Heathen,
I've given them my 'kerchief of lace."

And then, while questioning whether
This gift to receive from a child,
Grandma smiled, and bade them go forward.
Returning, they found the plate piled

With silver and bank bills abundant,
'Twas proved that this wee dainty thing,
Had opened the hearts and the purse strings,
A liberal offering to bring.

"Now Grandma, its gone!" exclaimed Daisy,
"I'm glad! O, how much it will please!
I'm *so very happy* to give it
To a child, far over the seas."

And so, as a willing oblation,
The perfumed treasure was given;
The sigh and the tear, with the struggle
Arising as incense to Heaven.

CHILDHOOD.

THE earth was green, the flowers fair,
All nature, blooming, lovely;
Fleet moved the hours—the days flew by—
Bright were the skies above me.

The brooklet rippled by and sang
As merrily as now;
The fruit I plucked from stately steps,
Hangs from the lowly bough.

While singing bird and humble bee
Filled air with melody,
And I, a joyous, merry child,
Shouted! in happy glee.

Sweet childhood ne'er can come again;
The careless life so free!
The days so merry—now are fled—
But sweet their memory.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

IN the twilight, dim and shady,
While I muse, in reverie ;
Come to me rare forms of beauty,
Memory's pictures come to me.

One by one, they pass before me,
Grander than the things of time,
And I look on them as holy,
Such they are, to me and mine.

Not of earth and earthly are they,
But I see them fair, as when
Living in their presence, daily,
Ere they passed from mortal ken.

True it is, that years have rolled
O'er our heads, since we have met,
Till life's mysteries are unfolded—
I can never them forget.

They—the sainted ones and holy,
Guiding me, in wayward youth,
Pointing to the meek and lowly,
To the way of life and truth.

Then, a maiden, fair and radiant,
And I listen, for I seem—

Seem to hear her, in the twilight,
  Softly singing, "Love's young dream."

And the lover who had won her,
  Still their forms before me rise,
Well we knew their souls were kindred,
  Ere transplanted to the skies.

Comes there now a beauteous vision,
  'Tis *so real*, that I see—
See her—feel her! 'tis my Baby
  Reaches out her arms to me.

Fair and dimpled, lovely blossom!
  Such, a mother's heart might crave,
Came and nestled in my bosom,
  Such, my Heavenly Father gave.

Ours they are—to us were given,
  Though they lived a brief, bright day,
While they beckon us to Heaven,
  As we tread the weary way.

And we hoard, as choicest treasures,
  These; o'er whom we cease to grieve,
While we're sitting in the twilight,
  O'er their brows our garlands weave.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

"With long life will I satisfy them, and show them my salvation."

RING out your bells, old Father Time!
Peal out a happy, joyous chime;
Not often thus, I trow,
Were hands than these more fondly plighted,
Were hearts more true than these united
Just sixty years ago.

Under the maples, glad we come,
To greet within the dear old home,
The pair we cherish so;
Like this, there cannot be another,
Where dwelt our father and our mother,
Full fifty years ago.

The trees, now grown so strong and great,
Were planted, each to celebrate
The children's welcome birth;
And some have lived to manhood's prime,
And show the marks of care and time,
While some have gone from earth.

The silver wedding bells were rung,
While children's happy voices sung,
The sky was bright at noon;

When deep'ning hues were in the west,
The golden wedding found them blest,
The even tide had come.

The lapse of time we mark with tears,
The love that bears the test of years,
Is that to which we cling ;
Long life in ways of righteousness,
Fulfilling Heaven's high behest,
This theme, to-day, we sing.

MUSINGS.

LISTEN to me,—while I tell
Who it is, I love so well ;
Dearer than a sister—brother,
Is my own beloved mother.

Never was more tender care
Given children, and her prayer
Daily, hourly, was that we
Might in her, a pattern see.

Her exemplar, far above
Human frailties, and her love
For her Lord,—her righteousness
Shone around her, but to bless.

Through our weakness—ever loved,
In life's trials, daily proved.
Such, a mother's love to me,
Boundless as Eternity.

When the sands of life are run,
And we gather, one by one,
In that world of endless light,
Sorrow sighing, out of sight,

Then, as now, we hope to know,
Through her influence here below,
Tho' to mortal eyes unseen,
What a mother's *power* has been.

MEMORIES.

WHO took me in his arms and smiled?
And then in accents soft and mild,
Thanked God, he had another child?
My Father.

Who put me in my cradle bed,
And when my evening prayer was said,
Kissed, sweet "good night" his "curly head?"
My Father.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
"Our Father, keep me day by day,
And never, let me go astray?"
My Father.

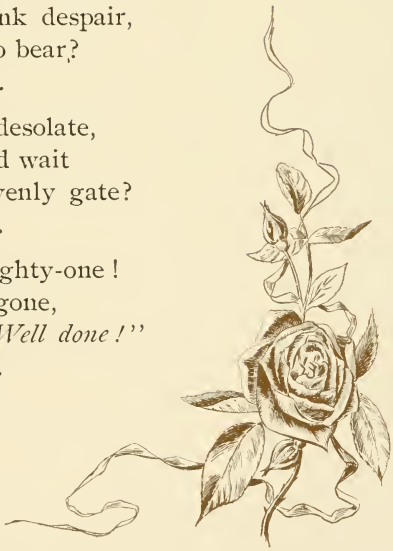
Who guarded me from every ill?
With sweet consent to yield my will,
And taught me to be patient still?
My Father.

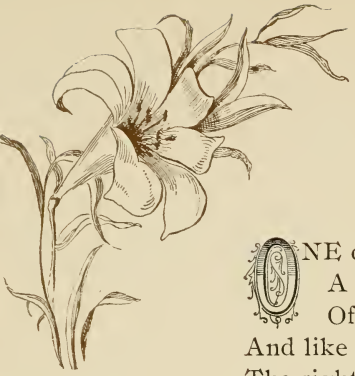
Who gave me to my husband dear,
Without a thought of self to cheer,
And turned away to hide a tear?
My Father.

Who, when earth covered baby fair
My heart upheld from blank despair,
And tried my heavy load to bear?
My Father.

Who, when my home was desolate,
Came to abide with me, and wait
The summons to the Heavenly gate?
My Father.

And this, thy birthday—eighty-one!
While I review the years agone,
I hear the plaudit *now*, "*Well done!*"
My Father.



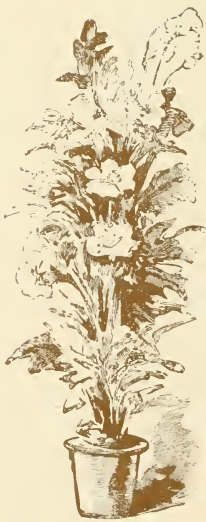


WHITE LILIES.

ONE day upon the village street,
A little group I chanced to meet
Of children ; full of life and play—
And like the birds of Spring as gay:
The sight was one exceeding fair,—
They carried in their hands with care
White lilies ;—whiter, purer e' en,
Than hands that bore their waxen sheen.
"Old fashioned lilies" to be sold,
"From Nova Scotia" we were told,
"So Grandma said ; and grandma knows,
She's lived a long time—I suppose,
The first white lilies, may have seen,
When they first came to bloom, I mean,"
I could not help it then—I smiled
At this ; the fancy of a child.
I took into my hand a stalk,
While list' ning to their artless talk.

"Who made these lilies?" then I said ;
When answered little curly head,—
"Why don't you know? 'Twas God ; he makes
All the bright flowers, for our sakes.
He gives us lilies, pansies, roses,

And then some times, some other posies.
I think *I* like the *lilies* best—''
And to her bosom closely pressed,
She almost crushed the perfume out.
Then turning round, '' We go about,
And hope to sell these all, to-day;
Indeed there is not much to pay;
The price is five cents, no—'tis ten
For *this*—the largest stalk.'' Again
She held it up, with such a grace,
So radiant her beaming face;
I'm sure I'd pay right cheerfully,
Ten times as much; *this sight to see.*
''Just smell of them, and then you'll know,
How *good* it is of God to grow
Such lovely things, for you and me.''
And while their loveliness you see,
Dear children, when each morn you wake,
Thank the dear Lord, that for your sake,
So many blessings, daily come,
To beautify and cheer your home.



''You sell these lilies—do you say?
Do you suppose that you to-day
Can sell all these? What will you do
With so much money? Pray, will you

Buy candy, toys or pictures gay,
Or find the mission box to-day?"
"They're for the Heathen!" "What! these
flowers?
They would not live to go"—"they're ours
To *sell*—to get some money,
To buy some bread, and milk and honey,
So heathen children may not know
Of want and hunger; suffer so—"
"Why no! not that; dear Grandma said,
'Twill buy the bread of life instead,
And this, I think, was what she meant,
To them the *Bible* can be sent.
They *hunger so*, for such *sweet words*
As *Jesus* gives—His word affords
Great comfort to us all; I'm sure,—
And we without it, would be *poor*."

"Dear children! labor while you may,
I'd gladly help you all, to-day;
And if your flowers you cannot sell,
Come back to me, and I will tell
Where, you a purchaser may find,
With ample purse and willing mind.
Now hasten! work with all your might."
I watched the darlings out of sight.

As fast they ran—far up the street
Dear Grandpapa—they chanced to meet.
To him, with breathless haste, they told,
How many lilies they had sold.
Not only cents, but dollars were,
All in their pockets held secure,
Then Grandpa said : "I'm glad to see
This Lily Band ; tis sweet to me !
Work while you can—you'll soon be old ;
And every flower that you have sold,
Will bless the poor in distant lands,
If done with willing hearts and hands.
Think of the children far away,
Who know not God, and never pray—
And then, we'll not forget the poor
Alaska children at our door."
"O *that is it* dear Grandpa, say
To Grandma ;—we were on our way.
And if you'd just as lief as not,
Tell her, *the name*, we had forgot.
But now we have it, we will say,
Alaska—then, most all the way."
Soon they returned, with eagerness,
To tell of all their great success ;
How everybody wanted one
And gladly paid—and now we're done.

"Some time we'll try to earn some more,
We never worked so hard before;
But then, it will be sweet, to say
We've helped a Heathen child to-day."
So Grandma gave a little treat,
While tired out—upon a seat,
They listened to the old, old story,
How Jesus came;—the Lord of glory,
And lived on earth a little child,
So patient, tender, meek and mild.
And then His precious life He gave,
The children of all lands to save.
But now;—our story ends not here,
For other purchasers appear;
And then—*so great* was the demand,
It soon absorbed the stock on hand.
And closing out there came to be
A purchase made in quantity.
And *now*, behold at festive scene,
A pyramid arranged with green,
Composed of lilies, pure and white,
A rare and *wondrous lovely* sight.
And as we viewed it round and round;
"King Solomon, was not so crowned,
In all his glory, once arrayed,
As this," (our eyes beheld,) we said.

Nor arab spices could compare
With fragrance that so filled the air.

And all who came the sight to see,
Helped fill the children's treasury.
And sweet repose and dear delight
Came to the little ones, that night.
And God from Heaven, looked down and smiled
On the flower mission of a child.

TO A BRIDE.

I ASK for thee long life and health,
And just enough of this world's wealth,
To bring repose and true content,
And peace—sweet peace, from Heaven sent ;
May life's vibrations ever blend
With harmonies that never end ;
Blest be thy home with souls united,
As in the day thy troth was plighted,
With hearts and hands and willing feet
Pursuant to each bidding sweet,
With songs of love and words of cheer,
And all that is in life most dear ;
Symbols and types of Heaven above,
Abode of Peace and Joy and Love.

HOME GREETING.

THERE'S one less friend to welcome,
Or greet us as we come
With outstretched hands and warm embrace,
To say, "You 're welcome home."

To talk o'er all that's pleasant,
And cheering by the way,
While with sweet converse pass the hours
In friendship, day by day.

The scene is changed ! I know not how,
Or why, it seems to me,
She just has passed within the door
That veils Eternity.

And met by those who loved her
With true and tender love,
Unconsciously she passed beyond
To the bright realms above.

Where, in the Saviour's presence,
No more on earth to roam,
In heaven's genial clime she finds
A joyful *welcome home!*

THE LITTLE SCARLET DRESS.

'TWAS made of wool, so soft and pure,
So choice and very fine;
The lamb that wore it must have lived
In fair Circassia's clime.

But of my own *ewe Lamb*, I speak,
A sweet child, come to bless,
With ceaseless care we nourished her,
And loving tenderness.

For her, we could not find a name
In all the usual range;
So called her "Baby," till we thought
'Twas time, about to change.

And Christmas came then, just as now;
And children in their glee,
Looked forward to a happy time,
The Christmas sights to see.

And with her stockings filled brim full,
You should have seen our Pet,
The greetings and the kisses sweet,
They linger with us yet.

So "Baby" came that day, to have
A present, from a friend.
Love's promptings always made him choose
The rarest gifts to send.

The gift was this, and oh I wish
The little one you'd seen,
With eager longing, while she tried
To open it—I mean.

"What's this—for me? I want to see,
I think that I can guess!
And now mamma, I know it is
A beautiful bright dress."

And holding up the fabric gay,
She danced about, in glee;
Then wrapped, within its graceful folds,
She brought it up to me.

"You'll make it very soon mamma
I hope; and may I wear
To church and to the Infant class,
My pretty dress with care?

And when you write our friend, mamma,
Something, you'll say, like this:
I think I never can repay,
I'll give for it a kiss."

The dress was made; as you would say
The dimpled form to show;
A mother's weakness? 'Twas the way
They made them, years ago.

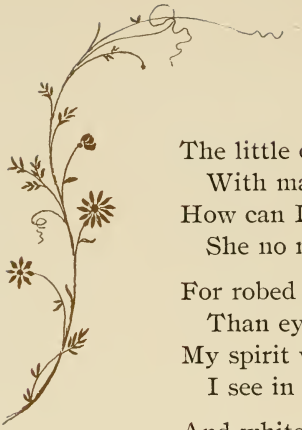
The dainty dress and fairy form
So interwoven seems,
The vision bright — I often start
To embrace her in my dreams.

That happy, beaming face I see
With tints of scarlet hue.
So eloquent, those starry eyes,
As if the soul shone through.

Sometimes, I seem to hear a voice,
To clasp a tiny hand,
So as we used, in days agone
To sing of Happy Land.

And often, climbing on my lap,
Her arms embracing me,
"Let's talk of Jesus now," she said,
"*His* child—I want to be."

Thus, we were wont to speak of Him,
And of His dying love;
Will not this be our rapturous theme
In the bright home above?



The little dress was laid away,
With many a soft caress.
How can I tell you? Shall I say,
She no more needs the dress.

For robed in beauty, greater far
Than eye hath ever seen,
My spirit wanders, as afar,
I see in raiment clean

And white, *my child*. Spotless and pure;
Through grace, I hope to be,
That I may know and love her there,
Through all Eternity.

And Christmas comes and goes; and when
The children we behold,
(With pang at heart for earthly loss)
The City paved with gold,

By faith we see; and then we say,
No need of earthly toys
Has she, who, crowned in glory bright,
Is filled with heavenly joys.

When all around is glad and gay,
And bells ring merrily;
When children shout upon the street,
And homes resound with glee,

Then holy memories fill our hearts,
While we, the children bless,
And find, in bringing joy to them,
Our earthly happiness.

A little child in Turkey born, *
No heathen, you would see,
When, entering my room she made
Her *salams* sweet to me.

And while, with graceful mien she knelt
Upon the carpet bare,
Armenian language, then she spake,
With hands upraised in prayer.

I loved her, and I thought meanwhile,
Of all that I possessed
I'd give the Missionary's child,
The thing I loved the best.

Oh mother! who hast laid away
A hoarded, shining tress,
You'll *understand* me—when I say
I did not give *that* dress.

Another dress will do as well;
(And then, aside 'twas laid,)
And yet, it was my heart's desire
To please the little maid.

*Mira Tracy.

'Twas thus, and other ways, that I
My wayward heart beguiled.
I could not bear to see it worn
By any other child.

A heathen mother (I had heard
A missionary say) *
Came to his home in foreign land,
To learn, to God, the way.

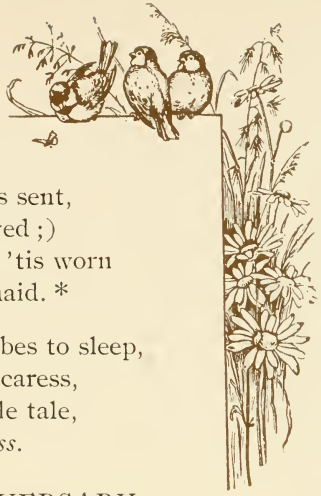
No offering to bring, had she,
In accents soft and mild
She spake—and at his feet she laid,
The clothing of her child.

"My babe has gone to God," said she,
"I wish to learn to pray."
And then the lesson came to *me*
As ne'er before that day.

That heathen mother gave her *all*,
And I can do no less.
And to the cause I loved I gave
The little scarlet dress.

Full well I know, a blue-eyed child,
With fair-haired, flaxen tress,
Will speak sometimes of me and mine
In loving tenderness.

Dr. Coan



To *her* the little dress was sent,
(The gift so long delayed ;)
And now, on foreign soil 'tis worn
By this sweet Syrian maid. *

So mothers hush their babes to sleep,
Then mourn their soft caress,
To *such*, I send this simple tale,
The Little Scarlet Dress.

SEA SHORE ANNIVERSARY.

AN ACROSTIC.

JOYFUL and glad, be this festival day !
Airy and light let the soft breezes play !
Music, sweet melody, holding free sway,
Earth, smiling in beauty, mid birds' joyous lay,
Sky, earth and sea, with its bold dashing spray,
Are hailing with joy, this glad Jubilee.

Brave is the Founder, and fearless of blame,
Right and clear conscience, he'll surely maintain,
At home and abroad he's always the same.
Doing a kindness is ever his aim,
Loving to worship and honor God's name.
Ever giving and hoping, for nothing to gain ;
Years, as they pass, will but heighten his fame.

* Ethel Hyde Jessup.

THE MINER'S BOY.

DIGGING away, in the mine below,
With only his lamp to guide,
With spade and shovel, and pick and hoe,
And dangers new and untried.

Ah ! such is the miner's life, each day,
Far under the bright green earth,
He toils in darkness, that we may sit
Close by the blazing hearth.

And dream we not of the anxious care,
As out to labor they go ;
Of the careworn wife and scanty fare,
Of the miner toiling below.

And while in the brightness still we sit,
Shall we not breathe our prayers
For men who toil in the gloomy mine?
A perilous life is theirs.

"*The mine is working !*" we heard one day,
Alas ! we knew what was meant,
A beast was called from labor away,
The boy on his mission sent.

With warning of danger, all too late,
He entered without a sign ;
Came deaf'ning roar, the ponderous weight,
Cut off escape from the mine.

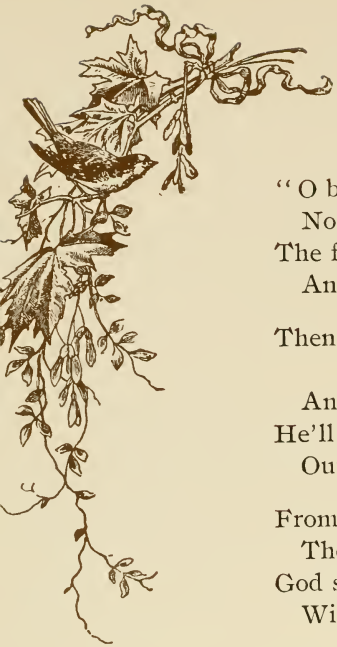
A mother mourned for her boy that day ;
She saw not then in her prayer,
The faithful beast which bore him away,
Would save starved men from despair.

Fed as with manna, they found a spring
In the deep cut rock below ;
So the Prophet's food, on raven's wing,
Was furnished long years ago.

Out of the debris, out of despair,
They gathered a gleam of hope ;
Said the miner's boy, "I'll try with care,
So twine about me a rope."

"Climb the gangway; we'll persevere ;
To rescue us they will strive.
Do not despair, but keep up good cheer ;
Hist lad ! *We're buried alive !*"

The miner spake, "The boy I would save."
He covered his face and wept ;
He thought of *his* father—a mine his grave,
His tomb unmarked and unkept.



"O brave was the lad, the tidings to bring ;
Noble and brave was his mother ;
The father went down, ne'er returning,
And soon will perish another !"

Then answered the boy, "My mother will kneel,
And pray to the God of her love ;
He'll answer her prayer—for us will feel,
Our succor must come from above."

From all human aid cut off, 'twas then,
They knelt in anguish and prayed ;
God sent in mercy brave bands of men,
With stout hearts nerved to their aid.

And risks and hardships untold they bore ;
Endured again and again,
Perils and dangers ne'er met before,
They rescued imprisoned men.

We marvel at their escape from death ;
It seems a miracle true,
With earth above, and gases beneath,
And naught but starvation in view.

When all was over, and one by one,
They trod the green earth again,

'Twas called the grandest work e'er done,
To rescue those mine-buried men.

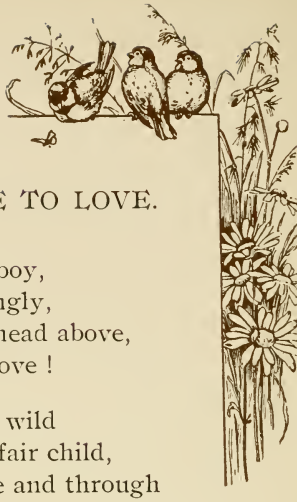
Then bounded forth the glad miner's boy,
As fleet as a deer he ran,
With a leap, a shout, and tumult of joy,
To his mother's arms again.

And the mother knelt and thanked theLord,
Her boy was restored to her sight ;
There were happy hearts and a joyous board
In the miner's home that night.

CHILD'S PRAYER.

KEPT safely through another night,
And brought to see the morning light ;
To feel its warmth and see the sun,
We thank thee, O Thou blessed One.

That Thou wilt shield us through the day,
From rude alarms, we humbly pray ;
From outward and from inward foes,
Till brought in peace to evening's close.



I LOVE TO LIVE AND I LIVE TO LOVE.

I LOVE to live, said a beautiful boy,
As he bounded forth exultingly,
He tossed his white arms his head above,
I love to live and I live to love !

Then an echo I heard, from nature wild
Rang a voice, responsive to this fair child,
Echoing o'er hill top, through vale and through grove,
I love to live and I live to love !

Creation seemed teeming with gratitude,
Unto the Giver of all earthly good ;
A voice whispered softly, through glen and cove,
I love to live and I live to love !

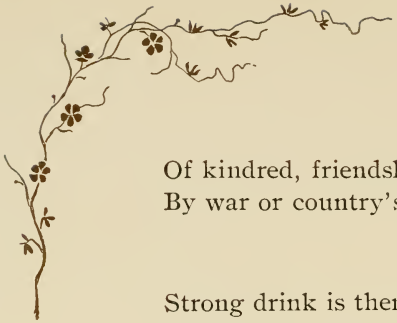
A nightingale sang an exquisite strain ;
Listening, I heard it again and again,
Warbling in thrilling tones far up above,
I love to live and I live to love !

Then I communed with my own heart alone,
Then burst from my lip to the Holy One,
O cleanse me and give me a home above,
Where all love to live, and all live to love !

PATRIOTISM AND TEMPERANCE.

A NATION crowned with victory !
A prosperous country ! Such are we ;
No war, nor battle sounds oppress
Our homes—abodes of love and peace.
We listen to the Sabbath bell !
Its music makes our heart to swell
With gratitude, for every good,
In this, our free and blest abode ;
While privilege of Church and State,
Is all we need, and yet a weight
Of sin and woe oppress the heart.
The scourge of war was but a part
Of human grief, distress and pain,
Although with this, our loss was gain ;
Privation, suffering, such befel
Our faithful soldiers. Who can tell
What they endured to save and free,
Our country and humanity.

Intemperance hath its thousands slain,
And tens of thousands ! Then again,
'Tis said that greater sacrifice
Was never made to human ties



Of kindred, friendship, family,
By war or country's anarchy.

Strong drink is then the curse and woe
That blights the home. We cannot know
The poverty, the stinging pain,
That comes to those who ne'er again
Can claim protector, husband, friend.
Endure, until the bitter end,
In silence, while for death they pray,
With no relief, from day to day;
And wives and little children share
The misery, the deep despair.
Then sink beneath the plane of hope,
Faultless, in ignorance to grope.
And criminals, they come to be,
Who might adorn society.
And youth, in this, our sunny clime,
And men of promise, in their prime,
Outranking others, they might be
Examples. Such was hoped and we
Have seen them fall, a sin and shame,
Where they, enrolled on scroll of fame,
Might stand a beacon light! Alas
They lose respect and only class

Themselves with others such as they
Tempted, and fell resistlessly.

I've seen a mother too, a prey,
Through sickness and calamity,
With blighted hopes and shattered home,
And he who early claimed and won
Affection, hoped for constancy,
To end, alas, in infamy.

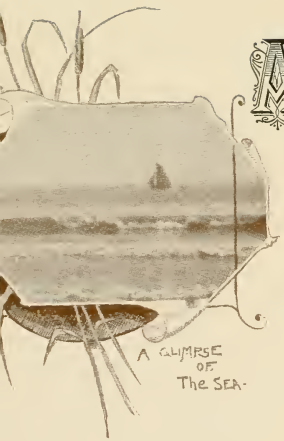
And then, ah me! A tempted child,
All innocent and undefiled;
Almost a babe,—in infancy
The taste was formed unconsciously,
With tempting viands, rich display,
On glittering sideboard, day by day;
And youth who came within the lair,
Found out too late, in blank despair,
A habit fixed! A shattered home.
Resistless, powerless to o'ercome
A taste, for what had come to be
To them, a dire necessity.

And who shall dare to lift the veil?
From homes of sorrow, such a tale
Of sin and suffering might be given,

'Twould rend the sky from earth to Heaven,
And swell the tide of human woes,
Like ocean's deep and throbbing throes.
And yet shall we in silence stand
Aloof, in our beloved land?
The wave rolls on ! The tide has set !
Haste to the rescue ; pray not yet—
We find it out when all too late,
Our homes and hearthstones desolate,
This Moloch, like the treacherous sea,
Engulfs our home—our family.

O then, with deep humility,
We supplicate on bended knee ;
The Lord of Hosts, for He alone,
Can rescue men,—this curse o'erthrown,
A happy nation, we shall see,
For God and right—a victory !

REPOSE.



A GLIMPSE of the Sea,
I send to thee,
With waves all hushed
In calm repose ;
Such be thy final life at close.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEN the springtime shall come, with its sunshine and cheer,
And thy presence assuring shall fail to appear,
When summer is laden with perfume and flowers,
We know thou art there in amaranth bowers,
Where thy spirit immortal all glorious and bright,
Finds heavenly service ; on earth thy delight.
Where the cross thou hast borne thou bearest the palm,
Thy freed spirit is soothed with heavenly calm ;
A radiance divine encircles thy brow,
All care and all sorrow have passed away now.

Whence cometh this rapture to one we call dead !
The earth was thy dwelling, the lone grave thy bed ;
It could not detain thee, thy spirit must rise,
Its genial clime, Heaven—at home in the skies,
While trophies of grace and victory o'er sin,
Through the blood of the Lamb, are brought unto Him ;
And souls that to Jesus were won by thy love,
Are heirs to the kingdom of Heaven above.

GARFIELD.

"I must look upon his face once more, for he was my boy, you know."—MOTHER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

MY baby boy! God gave to me
This precious gift—and when I knelt
And held him in my arms and felt
Him softly breathing on my breast,
A full content and perfect rest
Possessed my soul—a real joy,
That God had given me a boy.
And then, I vowed to give to Him
This precious child,—an offering!
Could, in my heart, a thought arise,
That I had given a sacrifice?
I taught his infant lips, to pray
"Our Father, guide me day by day,"
And, "Now I lay me," softly said,
With folded hands, beside his bed,
Just as the ev'ning shadows fell,
I must some Bible story tell
Of Abraham and Isaac, too;
While yet, so old, 'twas always new.
How God had given His command
To slay the boy—then stayed His hand.
The Father's faith, so sorely tried,

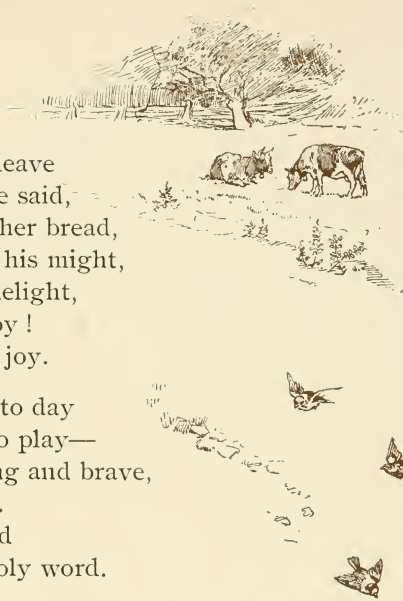
Was typical of Him, who died
To save His children, such are we,
To prove by faith,—a prophecy.
Of Jacob, wand'ring o'er the plain,
The angels saw; and then again,
'Twas Joseph's quaint biography,
Would bear repeating, every day.
His brethren, only evil meant,
While God has always good intent.
And Joseph stood before the King,
Himself encrowned, with sealèd ring.

* * * * *

James said to me, "If I should come
To power, and have to leave my home,
I always mean, to take with me,
My mother dear. What should I be
Without her! You, bereft like Jacob, too,
Without your boy, what could you do?
And then, like Joseph, we would try
To rule the land with equity."
The nightingale, with folded wing,
The cricket, on the hearth, would sing,
And faithful Towser, curled beside
His master, could not be denied
His presence ever, night or day,
So passed the happy hours away—

And in my heart, no prophecy
Of evil, that should come to me,
Could e'er disturb repose, at night,
Till morning dawned, with crowning light.
His heart, was full of tenderness;
He never loved his mother less.
But, when he older grew, the Sea
Which ever had strange charm for me,
Filled his young heart, with great delight,
And eager longing, for the sight
Of cities, countries far removed
From cabin on the skirted wood.
He left his home—he could not stay.
I wore my very life away;
Beseeching God to bring to me,
That boy of mine, upon the sea !

He came and found me on my knees ;
He stood beneath the shady trees
One moment only, then he raised
The latchet joyfully ; I praised
My God, who hears the widows' cries,
And gave to me this glad surprise.
His head was resting on my breast,
His heart to mine was closely pressed,
And then he told me how he'd grieve,

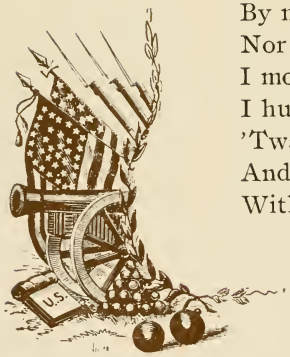


To think that he could ever leave
His widowed mother ; and he said,
She should not have to earn her bread,
And he would work with all his might,
And this would be his dear delight,
To care for me ; my noble boy !
My very soul was filled with joy.

He struggled hard from day to day
To work and study—'twas no play—
But he was young, and strong and brave,
And education he must have.
In confidence he felt that God
Helps those who trust His holy word.

It seemed but yesterday, when he
Was but a babe ; and now we see
A man, with home and family.
A happy father, husband, son ;
While she whom he had early won,
Was all; nor more could I desire ;
And as around our cottage fire,
We daily gathered, none could dream
That aught of danger e'er could seem
Near to that home of peace and love ;
Fit emblem of the home above.
Yet soon, with manhood's days came care,

And he whom I could scarcely bear
To have beyond my sight, was gone,
And I was left to sit alone,
Without my boy ; to think and pray,
While he should labor every day.
In legislative halls 'twas meet
That he should early take a seat,
For intellect and influence
Were given for the law's defence ;
And courage, principle, combined,
They said were qualities of mind,
Most rare and indispensable.
'Tis true, each day I could but feel
That I must hush my throbbing breast,
And school my fainting heart to rest
And trust in God.
He gave to me
A courage like a victory.
Ah ! such it was, for when he fell,
By miscreant hand, I could not tell,
Nor bear to think of what it meant !
I moaned, but uttered no complaint ;
I hushed my breath, for then you see,
'Twas God that gave me victory.
And soon our home, our land, was thrilled
With battle-cry, and troops were drilled



In haste, with flashing sword and steel,
While guns and cannon peal on peal
Rang out ! It made the earth to shake,
And all the blood my heart forsake,
When uniformed, and in command,
I saw my boy and clasped his hand,
And folded to my loving breast,
The officer, who bade me part
From him, with courage ; such as mine,
He knew that I would not repine,
And when he kissed my tear-stained cheek,
I would not have him think me weak,
But O, the prayers, the cries, the tears,
When all alone, with many fears.

I watched the news from day to day,
Yet I had often heard men say,
My boy was young, and strong, and brave,
And sure promotion he would have.
I must confess, a mother's pride !
'Tis true, while I must be denied
His presence—when I needed most
My dearest one,—at such a cost—

With faith and courage, God inspired
Us both—much more to be desired
Than wealth and honors ; and I said,

Through trials, dangers, God has led
His children—such are we—and He
Can make us all we need, to be
His instruments of good to men,
And then, the blessing came again.
Resigned, inspired to do His will,
Whate'er our destiny, to fill
Our daily duty, by His grace,
To bear the cross and stand in place.
Whatever comes to him or me.
Not ours, but God's—eternally!

Elected soon—as President,
My heart possessed a full content,
The Nation had with honor crowned
My brave, my noble boy,—they found
In him such sense of right and wrong,
(And I had known it, all along)
For honor, honesty, combined,
With stern integrity of mind.
I could not, if I would, deny
What I had seen in poverty.
And, surely he would never be
O'ercome with honors, such as he
Must meet in this important place.
Besought the Lord to give him grace

To meekly bear, whate'er might come,
And then, I said, our land's our home,
And to the Nation, we belong.
In its defense of right and wrong,
I'll help him, by my faith and prayer,
For heavy burdens, he must bear.

Inaugurated President,
With honor crowned, 'twas then he sent
For me, his mother—first request,
In this, his Nation's high behest.
And with the love light in his eyes,
While crowds might gaze, in great surprise,
He kissed me tenderly, and we
Together stood, that they might see
An aged mother,—he revered
And honored—so it then appeared—
He softly whispering, said to me,
"*You've been my star of destiny!*"

And when like bolt, from out clear sky,
A message came, my boy was nigh
To death—assassination—can it be
That such can come to him, to me?
For ah, the shot that laid him low,
Entered my soul—'twas truly so.

God given courage—came again !
And we among the crowds of men,
Frantic with wild astonishment,
That he, their honored President,
Could be assailed by such design,
Stood by him. Whose was he but mine?
And when he spoke and tried to smile,
My courage rose, and I meanwhile
Suppressed my tears and anguished heart.
How could I bear this bitter part
Of life ! Again that voice to me,
"Just as thy days, thy strength shall be."
Those hours of weary watching—pain—
I live and dream them o'er again.

The Nation wept and grieved with me,
And then we took him to the sea.
Across the land they paved the way
By rail—and weeping crowds each day
Paid every tribute in their power,
With hopes and fears from hour to hour.
The sea revived and cheered awhile,
And now and then, a peaceful smile
Passed o'er his pallid face. He thought
Of boyhood days, and only sought
Again to cheer and interest me,

In going o'er his life at sea.
But he was failing day by day,
Keen pain which wore his life away,
With no relief, to him or me,
'Till quenched in immortality!
Again a martyred President!
Was he, my boy, with message sent?
That God is good—His grace supplies,
When He demands a sacrifice!

DICKIE.

COULD you see my pet canary,
With his form so light and airy,
As he trips along the floor,
Lifts his wings and tries to soar;
Lights upon the plants so near,
Then, without a thought of fear,
Perches on my finger, while
I, my thoughts and hours beguile;
With his pretty winning way,
Looking up and seems to say,
You're my friend, I do not fear,
There's no danger, while you're near.
Swinging, springing, ringing,
With his joyous singing,
Happy as a bird can be,
In his own sweet melody.

"POOR POLLY."

POLL Parrot came from Africa,
Of such you've often heard,
And yet to us she seemed to be
No ordinary bird.

With plumage green and orange, gay,
And tufts of red and brown,
With shaded wings most beautiful,
And breast of softest down.

Since Polly came from heathen land,
She quite benighted seemed,
Tho' in a Christian household raised,
Of this you least had dreamed.

And like too many I have known,
In ways quite indirect,
Would call attention oft, aside,
Just when you'd least suspect.

Meanwhile she helped to choicest bits,
Herself, to full supply,
And lest she meet a just reward,
Would claim your sympathy.

"Poor Polly! Pretty Poll," she said,
And when she turned to run,
We scarcely ever failed to find
That mischief had been done.

And when with conscience troubling,
"Poor Polly's going to cry,"
And "going to cry again," in vain
She looked for sympathy.

In time of grief she volunteered
To give her sympathy,
And when her mistress mourned and wept,
With many a heavy sigh,

"Poor Polly" on her shoulder climbed,
Upon the mourner's cheek,
(While she, in imitation joined,)
And gently laid her beak.

And irresistible it was,
To see the creature try
To gain attention, while she gave
Her deepest sympathy.

And when the mood upon her came,
The neighborhood would ring;
The children laughed and ran to see
"Green Polly" try to sing.

Meanwhile, as they were gathered round,
She down her perch would climb,
Soliloquizing (so it seemed)
And chattering all the time.

And when quite near, they turned and ran,
It would a smile provoke,
To hear the creature shout at them,
And laugh at such a joke!

One day the baby came. We thought
She'd make of her a pet!
Not she; but with a clumsy gait
We shall not soon forget,

She marched at once across the floor
Where the dear baby lay,
And climbing up the crib in haste,
Her plumage to display,

Then darting with her heavy beak,
Much to our own surprise,
In just one moment more she had
Put out the baby's eyes.

A great surprise she met herself;
She never knew before
What rapid movements she could make
To reach the outside door.

Alas ! an ignominious fate
Met Poll, who crossed the seas,
To drown in Monday's washing-tub,
While cruising round at ease.

And sad it was, to bury her,
The children grieved, I know ;
They said, "they hoped and prayed she'd gone
Where all good parrots go."

BABY WAYS IN BABY DAYS.

I SAID, "Baby Lou,
Come home with me, do !
What there we can find, we will see."
This bright little maid,
Very promptly obeyed,
"If mamma will let me," said she.

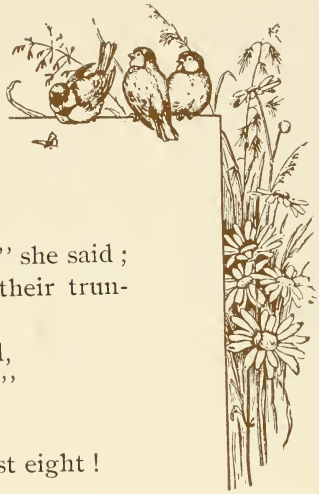
Then, while on our way,
So blithe and so gay,

With a skip on the walk in her glee,
In crossing the street,
Quite near to her feet,
A kitten she happened to see.

"Come right here, O do,"
Said cute Baby Lou;
"Come with me and visit, to-day,
And when you are fed,
I'll put you in bed,
And then when you waken, we'll play."

But Kitty just purred,
And said not a word,
The little one seized her at once;
The words of my pet,
I cannot forget—
"Puss, I think you behave like a dunce."

She mewed, then she fled;
The little one said,
While bird songs above us were ringing,
"That naughty old mew!
I don't like it, do you—
Like me-ow-ing better than singing?"



GOOD BYE!

MY babies have gone to school," she said;
"They wakened up from their trundle bed,—
Hurriedly dressing, away they sped,
At the sound of school bell ringing."

"I have slept too late! 'tis half-past eight!
I shall surely get marked if I wait
For breakfast now; so do let me go!
I'll eat it all at dinner, you know."

But a fresh warm roll, and milk in bowl,
Was ready so not to detain them;
Then with a kiss and a soft caress,
They crossed the moor between them.

And a mother's care had followed, where
A teacher, in full possession
Of such little waifs, had each one in place,
In order and ready for lesson.

HOME AGAIN.

WELL! Do you suppose we have been good?
Just as hard as ever we could,
We tried and tried, over again.
Nothing would go as *I* wanted it to,
So then *I* began to complain.

A dear little girl, that I do not know,
Had bowed on her desk her fair head;
With others away, I staid in from play,
I'll see what is the matter, I said.
Beside her I sat, and stroked her sweet hair,
Told her I loved her! Jesus would care
For his little children—then, too, I cried.
Her own baby brother, she said, had died;
What could I do but cry too?''

The mother saw that this was the way
The *Saviour* taught the lessons, that day;
To rejoice, to weep, with those in need,
Divine and Christ-like teaching indeed.

A PRAYER.

REVEAL Thyself to me,
Thou wonder working God,
And prove the mighty saving power
Of Thine atoning blood.

Lift up my drooping head,
In pity show to me
Thyself; the only hope and help
And comforter to be.

Wake in me new resolves,
A purpose grand and high,
Grant me henceforth the grace and power
To teach the mystery.

So wonderful, to souls
Abased by sin and woe,
And for the lost and perishing
A mighty work to do.

O Holy Ghost divine,
To my resolves to-day
Bear witness—seal with love divine,
For this I humbly pray.

Clothed with humility,
My lips with grace inspire
From off Thine altar—give to me
A living sacred fire.

Kindled anew with zeal,
And ardor such as they
Who wait upon the Lord, shall find
Their strength renewed each day.

Shall run nor weary be,
Shall walk and not be faint,
And this blest portion God will give
To every waiting saint.

PSALM XLII.

WHY cast down my soul,
And why disquieted?
Hope thou in God, who yet shall raise
And cheer thy drooping head.

Shall give for mourning, joy,
And praise for heaviness;
His cheering presence in thy heart,
Thy inmost soul shall bless.

For anguish, comes relief ;
In darkness cometh light ;
And strength to bear life's greatest ills,
In sorrow's deepest night.

Then why cast down my soul,
And why disquieted ?
Hope thou in God, who yet shall raise
And cheer thy drooping head.

BURIAL AT TWILIGHT.

THE moonlight has strange charms to-night,
Tall trees, their branches wave,
And shadows in the glimmering light,
Fall on a new made grave.

But yesterday,—the friend beloved,
The true and tried of years,
Was by my side, and now, I gaze
Afar, through blinding tears.

One day—a welcome table guest,
At our Thanksgiving board.
The next, the summons came, to be
Forever with the Lord.

And in the hush of night—alone,
With none to cheer, nor weep;
She laid her down,—that aged one,
And slept her last, long sleep.

I gaze upon the pale clear moon,
And watch each glimmering star,
And wonder if she thinks of me,
In that blest land—afar,

Where she has gone, but just before,
And I, so soon shall be;
No more to suffer loss nor pain,
Through all Eternity.

COMMUNION.

'TWAS a sacred, Sabbath morning,
The day was quiet and fair,
The scenes of holy communion
Were being enacted, where
The chapel was deeply shaded,
In its dim, religious light;
The tones of the solemn lesson,
Inspiring with awe, the sight
Of a child beside me kneeling,
With heart closely linked with mine,

In bonds of tender affection,
I thought of the love divine ;
Of Him, who would give a lesson
Of humble and lowly grace ;
Called a child to his presence,
With artless, innocent face.
Said the boy at scenes suggestive—
The hush, the prayer and the psalm,
Mysterious emblems passing,
Quiet, expectant and calm,
" Is this to make them remember ?"
Speaking with reverent tone,
" Yes ! This our Saviour commanded,
And then, he called us His own."
I eagerly caught his meaning,
I gazed on the upturned face,
And I drew him nearer to me,
This child of infantile grace.
With tearful eyes then I listened,
And with bated breath, I pray
To Jesus, who loves young children,
To keep from this hour, to-day,
The boy whose young feet have trodden
Lightly the pathway of sin ;
May his heart receive this impress,
And Son-ship be formed within.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

HOW imitate Him ! a being divine,
With nature, so weak—so human, as mine ?
How show by my life—in efforts, each day
My sins are subdued—while humbly, I pray
For grace and meekness—sent from above,
For kindness and patience, all conquering love,
Else, this, be my spirit—no hope, can I find
Divinely commanded—to be of His mind.—

To imitate Him—the lowly and meek,
The careless—wandering, lost ones, to seek
In rescuing perishing men, to save
And tell them, of this—His own life, He gave
Mankind—through redemption saved by His plan,
Might win, to Himself—lost perishing man.

Imitating in patience, meekness and love,
Forbearance—long suffering, strength from above,
Go visit the sick—the down trodden spare,
Uplift the fallen—their souls to prepare
For Heaven, that they may unsullied be,
Presented, as faultless, for eternity.

I'M GOING HOME.

FAITHFUL servant of our Lord
Upon his death bed lay;
A patriarch in the service stood
Beside his couch, that day.

With trembling form and tearful eye,
He stood with bated breath,
With wonder and with awe, he looked
In the stern face of death.

And now, that one must cross the flood,
The other, on the shore,
With "Beulah land" in view, where soon
They'd meet, to part no more.

So clasp we hands, once more, this side!
I see the billowy foam—
The chariot wheels so long delayed,
Have come—to bear me home.

The world with all its cares, recedes;
His glory fills my room,
And strains seraphic thrill my soul,
To-night, I'm going home.

And now beloved friend, farewell !
Life's fitful fever, o'er,
We give thee joy, that thou art safe,
At home, on Canaan's shore.

A COLONIAL PORTRAIT.

IN my room there hangs a picture,
So quaint and so real, 'twould seem
Beholding, as if but a touch
Might bring out the life to our theme.

In a plain, old home-like study,
With instruments strewn all around,
An unpretentious piano,
And harpsichord tuned to sweet sound.

A maiden is rendering music,
I listen to hear her sweet song ;
In deep undertones of feeling,
The lesson has been very long.

While a noble type of manhood,
Full dressed in colonial style,
With ruffles, buckles, hair powdered,
Has turned from the music meanwhile.

The maiden lists with attention,
With brown eyes and soft wavy hair,
Turning away from the lesson,
With arm on the back of the chair,

Has suddenly caught his meaning,
You can see the soul light within,
The delicate hand is upraisèd
And rests on the fair dimpled chin.

The youth with tremulous fingers,
Enraptured with song and address,
An eager suppliant kneeling,
Claiming more than words can express.

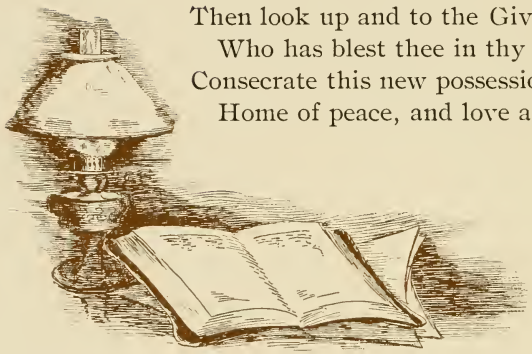
The theme engaging attention,
While Cupid is flitting above,
Awakens the ardent musician,
Repeating the story of love.

Two lives have found full expression,
In harmonies ever to blend,
Exquisite symphonies rendering,
In a theme that never shall end.

I see in this lovely portrait,
Not alone is high art instilled,
But holy, divine intention,
In the dream of youth now fulfilled.

A BRIDAL GIFT.

IN the winter evening twilight,
When the shadows flit above,
Light thy lamp and close beside thee,
Seat the object of thy love ;
With its radiance o'er thee streaming,
And the firelight on the hearth,
Well I know, in such communion,
Thou hast found the joy of earth.
Then look up and to the Giver,
Who has blest thee in thy youth,
Consecrate this new possession,
Home of peace, and love and truth.



A Lamp to thy feet to guide thee,
A Light to thy path alway,
Is the Word that God hath given,
To lead thee to endless day.

LOST CHILD.

LITTLE pet Georgie,
Strayed away from home ;
Loving mamma, wondering,
Where her boy has gone ;

Rouses the neighbors,
Searches all in vain,
Up-stairs, down-stairs,
Out in the rain.

In the well, who can tell,
If he may have fallen.
Down to the river's brink,
Hear the loud calling.

Georgie, my darling !
Where can he be !
Who can comfort mamma, now
In her misery.

Wandering through the rank grass,
Could not see the way,
Here find the boy asleep,
Just as he lay.

Soft shining, curly head,
All wet with dew.
Tears, on the dimpled face,
Lost, the little shoe.

Mamma list'ning, hears a shout,
Leaps her heart with joy.
Soon her arms encircle,
Her own, darling boy!

THE HARBOR LIGHT.

A HEAVY gale!
A reefed sail,
A venture, far out to sea;
"This fog and spray
A-lack a-day!
Portends no good to me."

"But on we go,
Through sleet and snow,
A mariner, brave must be;
Push off from shore!
We may nevermore
Return to our home and thee."

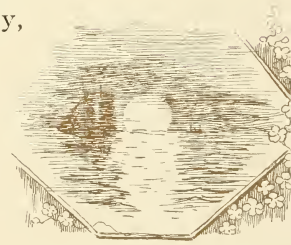
"When ye behold
The breakers bold,
And we are out on the main,
Look well to your light,
Of a stormy night,
Lest we ne'er come back again."

"A shout and cheer,
When it shall appear,
Shedding its rays o'er the lea,
A welcome sight,
When it glistens bright,
Is the Harbor light at sea."

A Beacon in the darkest night,
The "Word of God"—the Harbor light,
For all humanity ;
The Beacon Light to which we look ;
Our true and only guide, this Book !
O'er life's tempestuous sea.

DAWN AT SEA.

WATCHING with thine eyelids shaded,
Through the mists so cold and gray,
Waiting to dispel the darkness,
Till the shadows flee away.



MUSIC.

THERE'S music in the zephyr's breath,
which fans the morning flower,
There's music in the hurricane, which
marks an unseen power,
There's music in the waterfall, which sprinkleth
at their birth
The lovely, gentle flowers, which beautify the
earth.

There's music in the evening wind, recalling with
each breath,
Remembrance of a much loved one, who met an
early death.
For, ever to its minstrelsy, a listening ear she
gave,
And now, a requiem, it moans above her quiet
grave.

There's music in the rolling orbs, and in the
dropping rain,
There's music in the frozen hail, which falleth
on the pane;
Music hath silent witnesses, which God hath
given birth.
Yes! music is in everything, throughout God's
lovely earth.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

OUR Father, God, we come to Thee,
Unto Thy glorious majesty,
Thy holy name we praise;
And with glad voices echoing,
While we in grateful chorus sing,
This tribute we would raise.

Into Thy store-house, we would bring
Our tithes to-day, and grateful sing
Of thy abounding love,
Of blessings rich and full and free,
And boundless as eternity,
Thy faithfulness to prove.

Vine of Thine own right hand, shall we
Indifferent to her interests be;
Our powers find no employ?
No; let my hand forget its use,
My tongue its melodies refuse,
If this be not my joy.

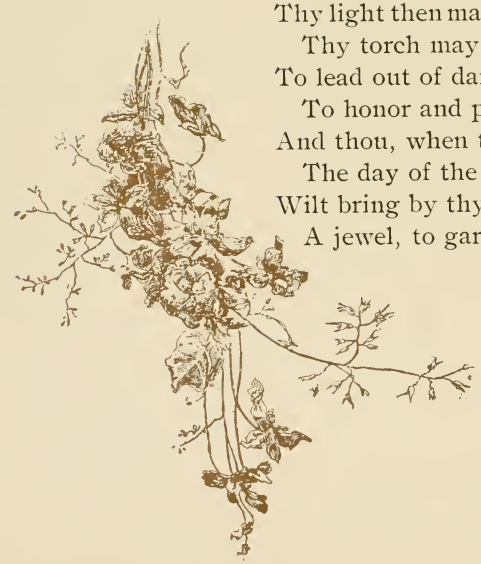
Our Father, may Thy gifts descend,
And crown unto her journey's end,
Thy church, to us so dear.
So build her walls and bless her ways,
That through her glad remaining days,
Thy glory may appear.

SALVATION FREE TO ALL.

GIVE glory and honor and praise
To whom adoration belongs;
With melody chanting your lays,
He opened Creation with songs.
With singing rejoice in that love,
Which rescues from sin and the grave;
A Saviour came down from above,
All powerful and gracious to save.

To save to the uttermost, all
Who trust Him and hope in His grace,
Oh, Earth! hear the life-giving call!
Salvation is free to the race!
Then bear the glad tidings abroad;
Make haste, while thy heart is aglow;
To tell them of hope and of God,
While waiting in pitiless woe.

Thy light then may break thro' the gloom,
Thy torch may yet kindle a flame,
To lead out of darkness and doom,
To honor and praise His dear name.
And thou, when that glorious day,
The day of the ransomed shall come,
Wilt bring by thy life-giving ray
A jewel, to garnish thy crown.



A MEMORIAL OF GARFIELD.

THERE'S a soul from this life passed away,
So grand and heroic and brave,
'Twould remain in its casket of clay,
If love had the power to save.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by and by,
We shall greet on that beautiful shore
Our beloved ones, on high,
There to suffer and die nevermore.

A Nation bereaved—behold
A family—smitten with woe,
O! hear Thou, their sorrows untold,
To whom, but to Thee, can they go?

Thou—Saviour, wast stricken with grief,
Where else but in Thee, can be found
The solace, which brings sweet relief,
The balm which can heal every wound.

Inspired by example like Thine,
Sustained by the faith Thou hast given,
We follow the teachings divine,
Which lead in the pathway to Heaven.

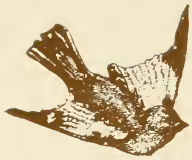
In sorrow, while humbly we pray;
Be Thy holy name still adored;
"Thou gavest, Thou takest away,
And blest be the name of the Lord."

CALL THE SABBATH A DELIGHT.

GUARD well the Sabbath holy,
Sweet day, of all the best,
With spirit meek and lowly,
Serve Him who made it blest.
In holy contemplation,
And in melodious lays,
The theme of exaltation
Shall be the Saviour's praise.

Rejoicing in each blessing,
Awaken with glad song,
True penitence confessing,
Thou'st served the world too long.
Strangers and pilgrims are ye,
Not long on earth to roam,
O rest ye, on your journey!
Ye're travellers going home.

Regard the Sabbath holy,
Sweet day, of all the best,



With spirit meek and lowly,
  Compose thy soul to rest.
Anticipate the dawning,
  The glorious day will come—
The resurrection morning,
  And Heaven, thy blissful home.

GOING HOME.

"I'M going now," she said, and clasped
  Her pale hands o'er her breast.
"I mount, I fly! I wing my way
  To everlasting rest."

A timid girl who ne'er had known
  Aught of earth's rude alarms,
From love's endearments early called,
  Unto the Saviour's arms.

To the cold river's brink, I thought
  She'd dread and fear to come,
But looking up, she smiling said:
  "It is but going home."

Scarcely room for one bird more.

ONE more little birdling,
In the month of May,
Came from "Wonderland" alone,
Lighted on the spray,
Said: "I've come to cheer you all,
Yes! I've come to stay."
Sure of welcome, every time,
Claiming day by day,
First attention—fond caress,
In her own sweet way.

Nestlings crowd the mother bird.
But the tired feet
Travel, morn and night, until
Duties all complete;
Seeking rest in vain—to claim
Naught, but kisses sweet.

Crooning nursery songs, at even,
Oft her lips repeat

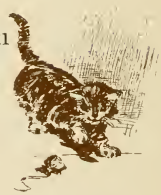
Old time songs, long since forgot,
With mem'rys chords, replete.

"Scarcely room for one more bird?
Surely, as you've come;
Other nestlings, move along,
Give you place and room.
Welcome, true and glad'ning,
Make you quite at home,
Warmed and fed and comforted,
Sing to you, a song."

"Bi-lo-baby, go to sleep!
None shall do you wrong;
Mother's arm encircles thee,
Shields thee from all harm."

Sleep, thou little one, and rest
Sweetly, on thy mother's breast;
Holy angels love, defend thee;
Blessed Spirit! shield, attend thee
Day by day, to final rest.
Home for birdlings—happiest,
In the life, which God hath given,
Hope on earth, and home in Heaven.

LET me tell you about our bright Kitty Clover;
We called her that name, she was such a rover.
Far out to the meadow, it was her delight
To wander and travel, quite out of our sight.
'Way over the bridge, and down by the river,
When surely we thought we had lost her forever,
But back she would come, looking wise as she could,
And never would tell what she found in the wood.
And then, after resting awhile by the fire,
Her frolic began. She had a desire
To try the piano; then springing up high,
The children would shout and noisily cry:
"She's taking her lesson!" She ran over the keys,
Oftentimes, in a manner not likely to please.
Then she tried it again, with much satisfaction,
Till this, was regarded the greatest attraction.
But mamma said: "Lessons like these are too much!
She must have a vacation. For kittens to touch
A piano, improves not its tone,



I think she might better just leave it alone,
Or soon it will be too sharp, or B flat,
And then they will say, '*Twas that musical cat!*''

A VALENTINE.

I SAT at my window, the other day,
Musing and dreaming most pleasantly.
My mind reverting to scenes of the past,
I thought of old times, on Valentine last.
Dim twilight, early her gray curtain drew
And as I had nothing urgent to do,
I musingly dreamed, not noting the time,
The thought occurring, I'll venture a rhyme,
And then, I thought of a friend, kind and true,
Whom I cared for tenderly,—well 'twas you!
Garlands of poesy, if they were mine,
Should be woven for thee, my own Valentine.
And when I looked out on the starlit sky,
A most singular form, came rushing by.—
I started affrighted, shuddered with fear,
"Don't tremble," said he, "I'm Valentine dear."
Looking up, I caught his cunning black eye,
To give the expression, 'twere in vain to try,

He peeped o'er my paper, laughed in my face,
Saucy St. Valentine! with what a grace
Seized he my pencil, and ere I could say
Two words, had written, was up and away.

"A youth to be distinguished in his art, art, art,
Must keep the girls away from his heart, heart,
heart;
Till he's gotten him a character for life, life, life,
And a pocket full of cash, then a wife, wife, wife."

AT REST.

THE conflict is ended, beloved,
The struggle is over, and thou
Art crownèd with glory and honor,
The victor's palm on thy brow.
No mortal pang ever can reach thee,
No sorrow, no darkness, can blight,
Effulgence of glory reflecting,
Resplendent with beauty and light.

I do not, I cannot, forget thee!
Tired pilgrims I often behold;
And when by the wayside they linger,
I think of the "City of Gold,"

Where thou walkest unwearied, untrammelled,
Thy spirit unfettered by sin,
Thou art crowned with life everlasting,
Escaped from the struggle within.

Thou'rt waiting to run at His bidding;
Thou'lt never be weary or faint,
Thy strength is renewed like the eagle's,
Earth born, now a heavenly saint.
I greet thee again, my beloved,
For what could my fond heart implore,
Like the fullness of glory immortal,
And Heavenly bliss evermore.

HOME.

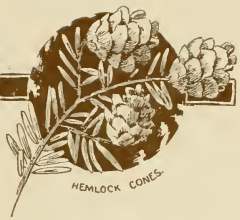
THIS evening now: night's shades close in;
My work, aside, is laid;
The daily care, the frugal meal,
Life's duties all obeyed.

Around the cheerful cottage fire,
Behold, our loved-ones come,
Rejoicing in this earthly good,
A pleasant, happy home.

The youthful wife—the husband brave;
The infant on the knee,

The aged sire and matron kind,
A lovely sight to see.

For, in the face of those we love,
We read affection true,
The index of a lofty mind,
In all they have to do.



A character above reproach,
Unsullied, as a child.
A heart, to feel for others woes,
A temper sweet and mild.

The wealth of India cannot buy
One hour of this pure bliss;
The comfort rare that may be found,
In *such* a home as this.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

MERRY, Merry Christmas! hear the glad bells ring,
Merry, Merry Christmas! voices welcoming,
Open wide the palace, cabin, cottage, hall,
Salutations bringing, room enough for all.

Home again, the dear ones, greetings, true, sincere,
Young and aged coming, rings the air with cheer,
Merry, Merry Christmas! happy may we be,
Now, if ever, coming to the Christmas tree.

Snow and winds are blowing, never mind without,
All within is joyful,—not a care or doubt.
Gather round the hearthstone, closely, joyously,
With the aged grand-sire, all rejoice to see.
Father, mother, children,—dutiful and true—
Little ones—bless their hearts—so very dear to you.
Such a cheery household, all without alloy,
Comes at Merry Christmas, full of real joy.

Happy, Merry Christmas! at the festive board,
Grateful hearts uniting, thank and praise the Lord
For his mercies, boundless, all so freely given,
With the Gift Supernal, sent to earth from Heaven,
While the angels joining, echo back the strain,
Peace on earth proclaiming, Christ the Lord shall reign,
And with joyous greeting from our hearts, we say,
Happy, Merry Christmas! be to all to-day.

"ABLE TO SAVE."

UNTO the uttermost, Jesus will save,
Thy sins are thy burden, He'll lighten thy load;
Helpless and ruined without Him, arise!
Awake! thou that sleepeth and call on thy God.

His hand is outstretched, He beckons to thee:
"Thy soul must be rescued, oh wanderer come!
Thou'lt perish without Me, no longer delay,
I'll cleanse and receive thee and welcome thee home."

Escape for thy life! Give wings to thy fears,
'Tis thy Father that calls, oh hear the glad voice;
From pleadings divine, oh turn not away,
But gladly accepting, believe and rejoice.

Thou art tempted and tried and fettered by sin:
"The weary may come unto Me and find rest,
The robe of My righteousness, spotless and pure,
I'll give thee, and thou art eternally blest."

Dost welcome these tidings? Forgiven and saved.
No longer a wanderer—a sinner undone,
Sweet peace o'er thy spirit will spread her glad wings.
And angels rejoice that to Christ thou art won!

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